# WAYS OF BEAST, BIRD AND FISH

# Hawk That Led a Gunner to the Hiding Place of Snipe.

# A SIREN OF THE DEER FAMILY

#### Pickerel That Would Bite in Spite of Old Savings About the Weather.

"I recall one instance when a hawk gave me half a day of wonderful sport," said a man fond of gunning. "A number as had an engagement to shoot over new burn not far from English Lookout. hunters take care that the tall grass and back to see where its mother was reedy canes are lighted a luscious growth of tender grass is February's early offeris to be found at that time of the year

Hailroad bridge, about three miles from a doe fawn. Lookout on the way to Mobile. Snipe swears that he will never go there again. | pelled to the belief that some one had stolen

sat on the edge of the bank and got some ing. of the slime out of my eyes and hair 1 later going back to the same old spot, hawk circling lazily about a hundred feet above the prairie.

an almost impenetrable mass of cane. As I watched the hawk dipped quickly and disappeared from view in the reeds. Up from the canes shot a snipe twisting hawk in futile pursuit. They weren't a oked half a dozen other snipe took wing and after tortuous flights joined their from their enemy.

"The hawk resumed his soarings and in one of his circles came within long range and my curiosity being aroused I put him to rout with a single barrel. An old log ditch between the railroad and the prairie missing again. and the walk to the spot where the hawk had missed his breakfast was begun. long and not more than seventy-five vards wide.

"As I stepped out into the space where was a woof almost under my feet and a hog of the razor back tribe darted away. Another hog, uttering a grunt of protest. scurried off to my right and soon half a dozen or more of the half wild animals ran from the farther end of the clearing.

"In passing up and down the waterways which intersect the prairie I had did tramp back." frequently seen small towerlike structures and I had been told that they were the perches from which the hog man called his hogs, feeding them once in every two weeks in order to keep them approachthe band would be missing at killing time. six inches long and the ferocity of a tiger affording sport for man and dog not surterritory where the wild hog flourishes.

I had blundered upon one of the feeding places. Close as it was to the railroad it was as isolated as though miles away from one of the main arteries of travel. The soft black mud had been turned over and over by the hogs in search of the tender roots found in the alluvial deposit and as is customary where cattle or hogs pasture the snipe were there hundreds. They commenced getting nunder my feet and at the first discharge of the gun the hogs gave a woof of dismay in concert and fled, leaving me master of the situation.

I knew that nobody had ever shot there before. The action of the birds with her. And now comes the tragedy in the life of that doe. George Daniels will tell you the story. There isn't any doubt about it. I mean about George's telling it to you.

"But they didn't say anything to me at Mink's and drove back home and I was glad.

"But they didn't say anything to me at Mink's about the wind being all wrong of alighting within less than 200 feet som where they were flushed. My dispointment of the morning turned to a low of satisfaction as bird after bird, bump of body and glossy of plumage, but they are anything to me at Mink's about the wind being all wrong of being out on the pond before day-light. They rigged me out and went out at was deer vengeance. That doe orto stayed home, but a day or so after she went away that third time me and my boy Joe was goin' out to the swamp to seem to be no sign o' changin', neither.'

"Then he left me at Mink's and drove back home and I was glad.

"But they didn't say anything to me at Mink's about the wind being all wrong of being out on the pond fishing with me. It had been cold in the valley, but up there old winter was out on as tempestuous a racket as but a day or so after she went away that third time me and my boy Joe was goin' out to the swamp to see in to be no sign o' changin', neither.'

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"But they didn't say anything to me at Mink's about the wind being all wrong of being out on the pond fishing with me. It had been cold in the valley, but up there old winter was out on as tempestuous a racket as light in the life of that doe. earth with that peculiar, fascinating flut-telling it to you.

"Some folks,' so George will tell you,
"Some folks,' so George will tell you, epointment of the morning turned to a

After half an hour's rest, during which After hall an hour's rest.during the snipe pitched back in singles, doubles and flocks I sallied forth again, but this time there was a different story to tell. They were wilder and my shots were contained to the story to the mainly at long range, though an sional twister would get up und-very feet, dash behind me and very feet, dash behind me and twisting erazily as though daring me twisting erazily as though daring me do my prettiest. Sometimes I get him and sometimes he would top the reeds with his derisive note which said as plainly as could be in his language: 'You're not so much after all.

"Finally my cartridges were exhausted and when I regained the bank there were fifty snipe in my cont and there was the camp only half a mile away."

### CASE OF DEER VENGEANCE. George Daniels Recounts the End of His

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 3. "One fall, said Col. Parker, "George Daniers, a man huskin' at noontime as to start out fer a Frosted who lives up in Elk county, went out day's fishin' through the ice fer pickerel hunting deer. It was just before the law an' the wind blowin' from the west was passed making it a penal offence to thirty-five miles from New Orleans, with her spring's fawn at her side. The something like 100 miles to see what it go it alone. When fire has run through with the young of deer that have not yet the native: the Louisiana prairies in January and the left the mother's side, stopped and looked

"George's first thought, hunterlike, was to kill the fawn, too, but having long ing and it is on this particolored ground, heard that a fawn would follow one who of Walton and I repeated it to my com- in operation in this State for the last ten the emerald blades bursting through the bore along the body of its mother, he panion: blackened earth, that the best shooting resolved to test the belief. So he spared the fawn, and slinging the carcass of its Not being able to do better, I set out mother over his shoulder started home for the toughest spot in the world. The ward. The fawn followed along, and ace is a triangular strip of ooze where went all the way to George's clearing. the Pearl River makes a turn and passes where it joined the cows in the barnyard nder the Louisville and Nashville and at once made itself at home. It was

abound in it, but there is about as much It was apparently so content with its solidity to it as to a bowl of pea soup situation and environment that when it and every time a man is lured into it by was missed one day early in the fall fol- miss your guess. Might as well stay the flutterings of the myriad snipe he lowing its coming the family was com-

It was only a month before this trip it. One of the fields that go to make up that I had to be pulled out of a hole by a the little backwoods farm where Daniels companion, who had wiggled on his lives edges on a thick woods that runs stomach for a hundred yards before he back for miles and is bounded by a high them and out doors, to say nothing of could reach me. My gun, which I had ridge, making a cover for deer much the eight or ten feet of water they are thrown myself upon when I got to the sought by hunters. Along in the middle waist line in a particularly bad spot, was of November the fall the young deer disthe only thing that saved me. It took appeared from the Daniels premises, some time to get ashore and when I finally Daniels took his gun and went out hunt-

"He was much surprised as he was swore that I would never again shoot stepping from behind a big oak tree the same bait on sight if you took it out there. Yet here I was not four weeks scarcely half a mile from his crearing to and treated it to a puff of east wind. see a sleek, fat doe bounding along toward when over the marsh to my left I saw a the field on the edge of the woods, followed my pessimistic companion, 'an' seein' it closely by a big five prong buck.

"Now,' as George Daniels will tell yo any time you are up his way and mention above what I had always believed to be the subject. I could have knocked both an' toes, when I was haulin' off a log, but 'fore I up and done it I seen a sort of a funny shaped patch on the right shoulder of the doe and I seen to wunst 'round to the west, till by the time the and corkscrewing as though he would that the doe was my lost deer. Het her west wind was full sot in its way not a is held between the hunting parties and break his back and after him came the go on by, but I give the big buck what was consarned tipup 'd be seen to tip anylayin' in my rifle and he dropped in his wheres on the pond, Mink's Pond too hundred yards from me and while I tracks on the third leap after the rifle I wonder if I hain't, more times 'n I've belched.

"The doe went on and when George companion in the sky at a safe distance got home, toting the dead buck, there she plied on which to base an affirmative rethe barnyard. Now George knew enough about deer not to expect that young doe nothing at all, but I wished I had stayed, to stay quietly among the domestic cattle home. at that time of year and so didn't intend ferried me across the twenty-five foot day. And she wasn't. The doe was presently, 'the first ice that comes on the

assure you, 'not thinkin' one joty about gittin' some fun out o' picker'l stampin' noise out in the field and lookin up I seen that consarned doe comin out o' the woods jest a-tearin', and a wa!the canes were trampled and torn there lopin' big buck dashin' along behind her along right to'rd the hayrick in the barn- thinner the better, that's the time to go yard and I couldn't see no reason why after 'em if you 'spect to git 'em. P'tic'ly I should put the buck to the trouble of in Mink's Pond. I should put the buck to the trouble of in trampin' back to the woods ag'in, so I let him have the rifle bar't and he never

"The doe came right on to the barn yard, seemingly not in the least disturbed by the fate of the buck, and began pulling at the hay in the rick and chewing it just the same as she had been doing able. Now and then some members of before she went away for her little escapade in the wildwood. She did not go to be encountered later on with tusks away again that fall. She took up her old life with the domestic cattle where she had left it off. Then one day in passed in the Black Forest or any other the following spring Daniels found a pretty little spotted fawn at her side.
"The fawn thrived. With its mother it

spent the summer among the cattle in the Daniels pasture. The summer passed. Fall came. Toward the end of October takin' it out in waitin'. the doe deer and her fawn were missing from the farm one day. The fawn never the doe deer and her fawn were missing from the farm one day. The fawn never came back, but before the close of the opinion of a man who has year its mother brought in her wake three fine bucks back to the farm, and George Daniels bagged them all. Entirely indifferent to the tragic fate she had brought them to, the doe settled down and we kept on our way. to domesticity again in the Daniels barn-yard. Spring came. With it came two fawns. Great favor they found on the farm, and nothing was too good for them or their mother.

farm, and nothing was too good for them or their mother.

"But with the fall of that year the wanderlust took possession of the doe again and she went away, taking the twin fawns with her. And now comes the tragedy seem to be no sign of changin, neither." alone would have told me this, as they said little attention to me at first, getting up slowly and oftentimes returning to the will be showly and oftentimes returning to the will tell you the story. There isn't any doubt about it. I mean about George's

to my aim, and when the large pocket set a bear trap, not thinkin' o' the doe or none of her belongin's, 'cause we had other snipe and many of the birds had a big laurel bunch she come, a slammin' ten flight I crouched in the reeds to be large point out to the swamp to the holes in the ice and put in the tip ups, a dozen or more.

"Where's the wind?' I ventured to be large pocket set a bear trap, not thinkin' o' the does in the ice and put in the tip ups, and other snipe and many of the birds had a big laurel bunch she come, a slammin' ten fight I crouched in the reeds to be large pocket.

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him I return to my mark and, having a general knowledge of the line of flight my bird had and also the distance at which he fell I start after him. Of course there is a chance of having three birds dead at one time and hat, gloves and handkerchief may all, be in play at one time.

"Some folks think snipe should be hunted with a dog, but I never saw but two good snipe retrievers in my life; one was a setter and the other a cocker, and they made mistakes. All in all, I'll take my chances picking up my own dead birds.

"But the buck that was in her wake stood there so consarned discomfuddled dover the wind and was comin' out on the ice to pitch in and rassle with it. Anyhow, I never seen the wind so r'arin' and snappy, nor the pickerel so flassy.

"And when we at last had landed the limit the law allows, twenty-five great, savage, glaring, alligator jawed pickerel, each one of us, we gathered them up, to that doe of our'n, but I say no. If it bad a' been that buck that put an end to the mortal death, there jealousy nothin'. Deer vengeance.

"The most enjoyable day with hook and line I had ever known was that one. jealousy nothin'. Deer vengeance, what it was. That buck was layin' that's what it was. That buck was layin' for the doe jest to fix her for havin' run so many of his fellers in to meet their death. That's what he done. Deer ven-Nothin' else "That is George Daniels's idea of the matter. And he will tell you so."

THE TIP UPS KEPT TIPPING.

## Although All the Conditions for Catching

vania, fishing for pickerel through the

"'I'd jest as soon think o' goin' corn

"Never having fished for pickers shoot a doe deer, so George killed a doe through the ice and having travelled and I missed the rest of the party and had fawn went on a few leaps, and as usual was like I was a little anxious and I asked

> 'In the west,' said he cheerfully "Then I happened to think of the ancient

"Where's the wind to-day?"

When the wind is in the west Then the fish will bite the best. But when the wind is in the east Then the fish will bite the least

"Every fisherman knows that,' said I How about it?"

"Goes fer symmer fishin',' said the 'Don't work at all fer winter native. "The fawn became a pet on the farm, fishin'. Jest t'other way. If you 'spect to have any fun with picker'l through the ice when the wind's in the west you'll home and fish in a washtub.

"Then I began to feel sorry I had come, but by and by I said:

"Come to think of it. I'd hardly suppose that with a foot or more of ice between have much of an idea which way the I don't exactly see why they'd scorn a game. nice, fat, lively live bait handed to them with a whiff of west wind on it and grab

"Arguin' about it is one thing,' said done is another. I wonder if I ain't been picker'l fishin' through the ice in a strong east wind more times 'n I've got fingers o' them deer over jest as easy as rollin' biggest kind o' fellers too, fast as I could go from one tipup to another, an' then have 'em quit bitin' as the wind shiff'ed got fingers an' toes?

"Having nothing but what his query im was in her old place among the cattle in ply, and not caring to take the possible consequences of a flat negative. I said

"Then, ag'in,' this comforting guide

favorable condition such as that now.
"Lord, no!" he exclaimed. 'The ice is

"Lord, no! he exclaimed. 'The ice is from a foot to a foot an' a half thick already! 'Twa'n't never knowed to be so thick so early on Mink's Pond before. "The prospect for a day's sport with the pickerel through the ice seemed dark indeed and my companion derkened it some deed, and my companion darkened it some

A feller is only foolin' his time away.

and line I had ever known was that one And I intended to have a good time gloating over it to my pessimistic friend when he came up after me next day. He came, but he didn't seem to be in least taken back by the result of my

Although All the Conditions for Catching
Pickerel Were Wrong.

"I've been up to Mink's Pond in the way back hills of Pike county, Pennsylvania, fishing for pickerel through the ice," said a New Yorker, "and I had the swamps, an' the creeks is jest streaks o' stone an' dirt. The springs in all this deestric' has been dry as bones fer two months, an' the wells might jest as well have no bottoms to 'em, fer there ain' no water in 'em fer 'em to hold. All signs fails in time o' drought.

"So jest as like as no you're better

ice," said a New Yorker, "and I had the time of my life. Mink's Pond is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station and the native who drove me out said to me encouragingly as we climbed the hills on the way:

"Td jest as soon think o' goin' corn the control of the control of the many control of the ma seem to look pleasant over it

#### SAFE HUNTING IN TEXAS.

#### Lots of Room and Plenty of Deer in the Lone Star State Chaparral.

KINGSVILLE, Tex., Jan. 5.- The two men have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. rhyme quoted with anglers since the days | The game protection law which has been years has resulted in a great increase in the number of deer.

As soon as the deer hunting season opens parties of sportsmen begin to flock sport has occasionally been known to kill a calf in mistake for a deer.

Among the several hundred sportsmen who have been in pursuit of game in south record is accounted for by the fact that the professional guides as well as the experiprowling around in, the pickerel would enced hunters have stringent rules, which are enforced both in and out of camp, in wind was blowing, and even if they had regard to handling guns and shooting at

One of these rules prohibits the keeping of a loaded gun in camp; no gun must be loaded within three hundred vards of camp and all shells must be ejected from the magazine by the hunter when he reaches the prescribed distance upon his return to the camp. The pastures of the ranches where hunting is done range from 25,000 to 50,000 acres, and when a hunting party establishes a camp in one of these big enclosures information is obtained by its members as to whether any other hunting camps are located in the pasture. If there are a conference the territory that is to be hunted over is apportioned.

Each morning when the members of a party separate for the day's sport an understanding is had of the particular territory that each man is to cover. By doing this there is little risk of any person being struck by a stray bullet or being mis taken for a deer

Several different methods of hunting deer are practised. Some hunters are not to be surprised if she wasn't there next philosopher and friend of mine resumed satisfied unless they are continually walk ing in quest of deer, while others do all pond, east wind or not, p'tic'ly Mink's their shooting from stands in the low

hree big bucks in as many seconds while "The time to git picker'l through the ice is then, an' it's all the better if the ice is jest come on so you ain't sure it'll bear is the ice is jest come on so you ain't sure it'll bear is the ice is jest come on so you ain't sure it'll bear is jest come on so you ain't sure is jest come on so you lopin' big buck dashin' along behind her Now I had my gun in the barn, so I run in and got it. The two deer come speedin' along right to'rd the hayrick in the barn-thinner the better, that's the time to go the lays waitin' and if it bends most to break in with you all the better. The first ice thinner the better, that's the time to go the lays away. The animal had its head raised and was placidly contemplating the language.

the landscape.

Mr. Druss quietly brought his gun into position and put a bullet in a faial spot. At the crack of the gun he heard the noise of breaking brush, and into the open space bounded a doe, followed by two more bucks. Without changing his position Mr. Drust killed the bucks.

Bucks are often lured to their death by the rattling of antiers by hunters. Along in the latter part of December when the air begins to get crisp the bucks never miss an opportunity to fight. In these engage-ments the knocking of their horns together

River back again.

"There was a man from Arkansaw living in this town a couple of years ago, and one day he got on a trolley car at which begins at Fort Lee, N. J. and

or from one of the design of t

deer. I met a man there last summer UNIQUE HUNTING METHODS. who said he had seen them

'There are bass in those lakes too, and perch and sunfish. But you must and snappy, nor the pickerel so sassy.

"And when we at last had landed the get a permit to boat and fish from the New York city Department of Water Supply if you want to angle for them. However, that is easy a lot easier than catching a mess of those highly educated

"Speaking of bass fishing, you can fish in practically every lake in Westchester county, and there are a lot of them. because they are nearly all the property of the city of New York. Moreover, the land surrounding them has the least taken back by the result of my day on the pond, even though all his pessimistic signs had foretoid against it. Shaking his head gloomily he said:

"Mink's Pond is lower 'n it's been in in for and are quite positive do not exist." ten year. There ain't no water in the pearer to New York than the Adirondacks. As a matter of fact if it were given to me to choose between Rye Lake and some wild Adirondack takes I have known I'd grab Rye Lake. "Over in New Jersey I found a 500 foot

mountain,' from which on a fair Sunday horning I could look back on my trail and see New York city, fifteen miles And on that mountain and bewoods. I met an old fern man up there in the twilight one evening, and he showed me a hole in his sleeve and a big raw a hole in his sleeve a hole in his sleeve and a big raw a hole in his sl yond it, woods, real woods, like home burn on his arm that he got from sleeping too near his fire the night before.

"That gave me an idea. I built me a fire and slept out in the woods too, not only that night but many a night. And I'm telling you it was good fun. After the months open season for deer and other first night, which fortunately was not

"For real woods loafing within an hour from New York city you have to go to New Jersey or to Rockland county, N. Y. Takethe Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad to South Orange or to Montelair or the Nyack branch of the sary to obtain permission of the ranch Frie Railroad to Piermont. I like it at soon finished it off with his club. owner to hunt upon his property. This the latter place because you not only is usually not very difficult, but it is always can get a good, high, mosquitoproof stipulated by the ranchman that there altitude, but you have also a most excelmust be no shooting done around the lent right-under-your-nose view of the cattle. Despite this rule a novice at the Hudson River where it spreads wide and is called the Tappan Zee. Furthermore in the hunting season if you live in New A notable feature of the season was the York it is cheaper to hunt in New York absence of fatal accidents to hunters, territory on account of the non-resident license law. And anyhow there are more gray squirrels and grouse in Rockland Texas not a fatality occurred. This county. Notice I say more. I have shot woodcock within sight of New York's skyscrapers on Orange Mountain in New Jersey.

"If you insist on real dyed in the wool shooting and fishing you have to take to salt water near New York. For a long time I balked at that, having a uitlander' dislike for even the smell of salt water But when a man connects with the Canada goose, the redhead duck and the black brant, not to mention the broadbill (blue bill) and sundry other gentry of the wild fowl fraternity, all on one little two day jaunt within fifty miles of Broadway his duck is underneath the sense of smell is apt to lose some of its last time to do anything.

"For a time when I was commuting (on the Erie) I thought there wasn't anything the matter with Barnegat Bay, N. J. And there wasn't-until I discovered Great South Bay, L. I. The particularly good thing about this shooting and fish ing is it is all free to the public. You may have to pay pretty well sometimes for boat and boatman, but one generally does anywhere nowadays. I do no know where I could go and get as good snipe and shore bird shooting practically for nothing as I can get around the west end of Great South Bay. And I naven't prospected much either

"And as for the fishing, right in the same vicinity you can get all you want of it for seven months of the year, from flounders and tomcods to drumfish weigh-"I was out feedin' the stock a couple pond, east wind or not, pitcly Mink's their snooting from stands in the low ing fifty pounds and over. And the drum branches of a mesquite or other tree. The couple pond, east wind or not, pitcly Mink's their snooting from stands in the low ing fifty pounds and over. And the drum branches of a mesquite or other tree. The couple pond, east wind or not, pitcly Mink's their snooting from stands in the low ing fifty pounds and over. And the drum is drawn branches of a mesquite or other tree. The couple pond, east wind or not, pitcly Mink's their snooting from stands in the low ing fifty pounds and over. And the drum is drawn branches of a mesquite or other tree. o' days or so after that.' George will through if you s'pect to have any show o' Last season John Drust of Austin killed of big fish that may be caught within an catching the tuna now on rod and line just like they do out on the Pacific Coast only we aren't shouting quite so loud about it, not needing the tourists

"It is a well established fact that both the speckled brook trout and the white tailed deer run wild within the city limits of Greater New York. I remember see-ing various reports in the newspapers ing various reports in the newspapers during the last year or two of deer coming into the highways and byways of Long Island City and browsing sumptuously off policemen. These deer have their lair on the plains or scrub oak barrens in the centre of Long Island, and there also the brook trout is to be found along with some few very highly educated bobwhite quail and cottontail

cated bobwhite quail and cottontail rabbits.

But really it is surprising how few hunters, gomparatively speaking, you will find afield when you go out according to Hoyle and gun for shore birds or wildfowl, all providing that you go on a week day. I have gunned all day on the marshes around the west end of Great

more by and by.

"A feller is only foolin' his time away, too, everything else being right, said he, if he don't git on the pond an' have his holes cut in the ice an' his lines all in long before daylight in the mornin'. Sun shinin' in the holes first thing in the mornin' is a sign that the fisherman is out to git fish, not to set around freezin' all day waitin' fer 'em to bite at holes that wasn't cut till 'long in the forencon some time, an' takin' it out in waitin'.

"It was now well along in the forencon, and it was plain that this native had his opinion of a man who had come out for pickerel fishing through the ice knowling no more about the signs and omeas than I did. Resigned to my fate I and we kept on our way.

"The weather grew colder and colder as we got up among the hills and as we drove in to Mink's after a while it wasn't far from zero. The wind was strong and biting.

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"The weather grew colder and colder as we got up among the hills and as we drove in to Mink's after a while it wasn't should be a pair of green horns the

Hunting, Fishing and Camping if One Knows Where to Go.

"Like the man who jumped into the bramble bush, I jumped into New York," says a writer in Recreation. "Just one grand, devil may care jump. And when I found what I'd gone and done, with all my might and main I would willingly have jumped into another hole, just as have jumped into another hole, just as deep and dark and dismal, if I could by so doing only have had my Mississippi River back again.

and one day he got on a trolley car at City Hall Square with me and volunteered to pay the fares if I would stay with him. I stuck. And after we had been riding about four hours we got off the last car at the end of a trolley line up in West-chester county somewhere, walked two miles and found a deer track, a wild deer track. We camped right there.

"And if you will come along with me next spring I will show you more deer tracks, lots more of them. And it is not in somebody's private game preserve either. Moreover, there is a shorter—and uglier—way of getting there. Take

Their Game.

tralian bush," says a writer in the Amer- confidently, as he knows that before the their two children were camped near the be exhausted. hungry

the edge of the creek and had a look if the boomerang hits it on the head it around Soon he saw a pair of wird drops instantly. turkeys, or bustards, feeding quiefly good eating, but they are very shy birds and difficult to get near.

him carefully to see what he would do. He took the three boomerangs and the branches of a neighboring tree and swam quietly across the creek. On the other clearing, getting as close to the turkeys as he could under cover.

had their heads down feeding

ad their heads down feeding
"At last it got so close that the turkeys officed it, but beyond a good stare they noticed it, but beyond a good stare they wild game ended January 1. In the chaparral region of south Texas sports-men have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The game protection law which has been lives up there.

The description of south Texas sports-men have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The game protection law which has been lives up there.

Two or three others then make a detour of perhaps a mile or more and strike the and nearer it approached until it was only about twenty yards away. Then lives up there. with a jump that made me start the blackfellow sprang up from behind the boughs and, running in to the birds, threw his boomerangs at them. He seemed to hit both of them, but one flew away all the same. The other one, however, was disabled and the blackfellow duck hawk, at the same time hurling his lackfellow who is hidden in the reeds gives the loud, shrill cry of the duck hawk, at the same time hurling his

"It is the fashion to speak contemptuously of the intellect of the Australian blacks; certainly in some respects they are very deficient. I never met one, for example, that could count more than five, times the whole flock of a dozen or more and most of them can only count up to is caught at once, and it is rarely that three. But, as hunters they are extremely the stratagem is altogether unsuccessful. But, as hunters they are extremely three. skilful, very patient, and possessed of a great fund of knowledge regarding the habits of the game they pursue. "I have seen them catch ducks in much

the same manner as the turkey was caught. The hunter, with a bundle of reeds, or other aquatic vegetation, slips quietly up to the ducks. Then, one after another he quietly but swiftly pulls them under water, where he strangles them and attaches them to his belt.

"It would be thought that the ducks would either call out or flap their wings and so alarm their mates; but the black fellow does his work so smartly that the duck is underneath the water before it "The kangaroo is stalked in quite a

different and rather a peculiar manner. Finding where there is a kangaroo, feeding alone if possible, the blackfellow crawls as close as he can to him. His there is no more cover he waits until the bling the grass. Then he stands up beside a tree and in full view of the kangaroo assisted Mr. Margolis in this feat. It required exactly one and a half days for the quired exactly one and a

"The kangaroo looks up, but seeing nothing moving, resumes feeding. The blackfellow then takes a few slow and very cautious steps toward the animal, dragging his two spears carefully through the grass with his toes. The moment the kangaroo stops feeding he becomes im-"The kangaroo looks up, but seeing ging his two spears carefully through the grass with his toes. The moment the kangaroo stops feeding he becomes immovable, standing, with his hands at his Mr. Margolis will realize in gross side, like a thin black stump.

twenty minutes, at the end of which the over

blackfellow is probably within ten yards How the Australian Black Fellows Stalk of his prey. Then, like a lightning flash, other they are flung quivering into the "One afternoon when I was quite a flanks of the kangaroo. The animal small boy riving in the heart of the Aus- bounds off, but the blackfellow follows

ican Boy, "a blackfellow, his wife and second mile is covered the kangaroo will creek which ran through our farm. They ' "This is the usual way in which the had just arrived and were both tired and kangaroo was taken. Occasionally, however, it was killed with a boomerang "So the blackfellow walked down to The kangaroo has a very thin skull, and

"The boomerangs I have been monalong a wide open space and about, 800 tioning do not return to their owners, as vards away. Now, wild turkeys are very all boomerangs are so often stated to do. Boomerangs used for killing game or in war just go for the object aimed at; "The blackfellow had no gun, but had, and whether they hit or miss they never three boomerangs, four spears and a come back, but end their course just like club called the nulla nulla. I watched any other missile. The returning boomerang is really a toy, and is specially constructed. It is made and used by the same nulla nulla. Then he broke several blackfellow that uses the game and war boomerang.

"Perhaps the most ingenious of all side he skirted around the edge of the their schemes is the manner in which they net ducks. A creek is chosen which has, as creeks usually do, short bushy trees well out on the clearing a bunch of shrub-bery. Watching it carefully, I saw that it was gradually approaching the birds. It never moved except when the birds

boomerang into the air Like so many arrows the terrified ducks dive down for the shelter of the trees and dart along only a few feet above the water.

#### Washington Squirrels.

From the Washington Sta

According to special policemen assigned o duty in the various parks throughout the city the number of sourrels which cavort decreasing. A number of the little animals into the edge of the lake or lagoon or are killed annually by dogs despite the river, and either wades or swims, with vigilance of the park guards. Owing to the the vegetation on his head, noiselessly limited number of nut bearing trees in this up to the ducks. Then, one after anthem nuts and other food supplies.

Another reason advanced for the decrease of Washington's squirrel population is their migration to woods on the outskirts of the city. Some perish in the attempt, and those that reach the woods never return.

Several years ago there was a small colony of the snow white sourced in Seaton Park, but the tribe has entirely disappeared. The species seem to have been too delicate for this climate. The first male specimen was brought from the Mississippi Valley some five years ago and was turned loose in Seaton Park.

#### A Minnesota Fisherman's Record Raul

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press Minnesota's champion fisherman, weapons this time are two spears. When Margolis, who lives at 102 Robertson street St. Paul, made his record breaking haul kangaroo has its head down and is nib- last week by landing in one cast at Tetonka Lake, Minn., nearly 500,000 pounds of fish. Sixteen men and a span of big borses

ide, like a thin black stump.

"This strategy goes on for perhaps net as much as \$40,000 before the winter."

# FLYWAY OF THE BIRDS. An Aerial Course 80 Miles Wide That

Goes Across Oklahoma. GUTHRIE, Okla., Jan. 7.-Stretching by many species of water fowls. Eighty

of this aerial highway.

Practically every kind of water fowl of other ducks, all squawking and splashthat moves from the British possessions southward to the Gulf of Mexico and Two Guthrie hunters made a memorable bag of cannada. beyond through the region bounded by the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains may be found in proper season

travelling along this path. Water fowl have probably been attracted to it by instinct for ages. A striking fact is that here may be found water

dered in the driving storms of snow and sleet that sweep down from the north across the Oklahoma prairies. At such across Oklahoma from north to south times he relaxes his vigilance and comes is a flyway followed in their migrations plunging from the darkened sky for shelter in the coves of lakes and ponds miles probably would be the average width that dot the landscape. On such days

rable bag of canvasbacks this season. The afternoon was hoarse with the noise of the driving storm. With decoys carefully placed for mallards these hunters secreted themselves in the reeds. nels and yarns and the heaviest coats and boots scarcely kept out the cold and their hands and feet were numb. Suddenly there was a rush and swish



TWENTY-SIX CANVASBACKS IN THIS BAG.

seen in eastern Oklahoma, where the country is broken by rough hill ranges.

If for no other reason, this pathway would be distinguished by its flights of ing in the reeds and ducks began tumbling

would be distinguished by its flights of canvasback ducks. They appear in Oklahoma about the time of the first big flight of mallards on the southward journey, and by all odds they are the finest game birds that drop into these waters.

The canvasback is big of body, finely marked in plumage, fat and of exquisite flavor. No bird is more wary. When he drops into the water he chooses the spot that is the furthest removed from the hunter's gun. There he will ride on the water, turning round and round like a like the canvasbacks began tumbling to the water. The canvasbacks put on more steam, and at the further end of the lake began swirling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the sky and left the country, but the storm had bewildered them.

Back they came by the sheltered spot where the decoys were rocking gently on the water. Again the automatics was the thump, thump, thump, of feathered bodies. Three times in all did this before the remaining birds lifted themselves and flad panic stricken from the water, turning round and round like a like the canvasbacks put on more steam, and at the further end of the lake began swirling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the sky and left the country, but the storm had bewildered them.

Back they came by the sheltered spot where the decoys were rocking gently on the water. Again the automatics was the thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, the canvasbacks put on more steam, and at the further end of the lake began tumbling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the seam, and at the further end of the lake began tumbling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the seam, and at the further end of the lake began tumbling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the seam, and at the further end of the lake began tumbling to turn back. In bright weather they would have risen high in the seam, and at the further end of the lake began turnbling to turn back water, turning round and round likes lake.

The two hunters retrieved twenty-six

The two hunters retrieved twenty-six and begin diving and feeding.

fowl that rarely appear in the extreme as if an express train was approaching, western part of Oklahoma and are seldom bown the lake fifty or sixty canvasbacks were in eastern Oklahoma, where the

weather vane until he is confident that no foe is lurking in the sedges. Then he will move cautiously to shallower water State. The bag was made in less than thirty minutes.